PARIS GOWNS FOR THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

PARIS, May 13.—They are making the most wonderful gowns for the Queen's June celebration in London. These are not necessarily for court functions, for the Queen will do little entertaining. It is her turn to be entertained, and she rightly regards every large society function of that week as given in her honor.

All the elegant houses are to be thrown open for balls, and, judging by the number of gowns ordered to be sent to this or that hotel the first week in June, there will be more new ball dresses than ever London saw before. The gowns are not court dresses by any means, but beautiful creations from new materials made in the way that is most becoming to the owners. The stiff court dresses are the horror of those who must wear them, and they are discarded at the first possible moment.

These dresses, as fast as they are made, are exhibited in the shops at private "views." The owners come and try them on, and the couturiere makes little unimportant changes in them, as suggested. The most brilliant exhibitions take place daily when these dresses are put on, and she is fortunate who can view them.

The charming simplicity of this Summer's ball gown must not suggest inexpensiveness. They are made of gauze, net, mousseline de soie, chiffon and all the gauzy materials that call for silk or satin transparencies.

A great deal of sun plaiting is conspicuous on most of them, and very often the whole gown, skirt, bodice and sleeves are sun plaited.

Taffeta ribbon is used in the most lavish way in trimming these gowns, together with frills and ruches of lace and gauzy materials.

Yet the design of the gowns is exceedingly simple, notwithstanding the ribbon braces and bands and the numerous frills trimming the skirts.

With a number of these decollete gowns come fulmpes of the same sheer material as the gowns, that are tucked and puffed and made more elaborate with lace insertion and ribbon, so that my lady has a high-neck ball gown whenever it pleases her. For high-neck ball gowns will be quite popular this Summer.

Decollete Gowns Made in Paris for the Social Festivities During Jubilee Week in London.

One of the most tasteful of these ball gowns had a transparency of deep ivory satin, covered with white chiffon. The satin skirt was made godet and fitted closely over the hips. The chiffon skirt fell over the transparency a bit full at the front and sides, and very full at the back. Only at the belt was it attached to the satin skirt. Around the bottom it was embroidered in deep cream silk and trimmed with seed pearls.

The bodice was of the deep cream satin, covered full with the white chiffon. It opened at the left under the arm seam, and the chiffon was draped from under arm seam to under arm seam. The chiffon at the front of the bodice was caught down with a pearl ornament. Bordering the neck of the gown were tiny frills of chiffon. The braces over the shoulders were formed of coral taffeta ribbon. The ribbon was brought over the shoulders, crossed under the arms and tacked to form rather a high girdle. Over the arms fell three short full frills of the white chiffon that served as sleeves.

Many of the later ball gowns shown me at the shops with chiffon or gauze skirts were only attached to the silk or satin underskirts with a common belt. This makes it possible for a frugal-minded young woman to use the same satin skirt with several of her light, gauzy skirts, if they can be made on separate bands.

A stunning ball gown that had just been completed for Mrs. Gardner, one of the leaders of society in the American colony here and a great leader in Boston, where she lives, was charming in its originality. The skirt was a full godet. The upper part was of narrow-striped black and white satin that formed a rounded point at the front. The rest of the skirt was of plain white satin, covered with a deep flounce of white mousseline de soie. There was a full ruche of mousseline de soie heading the flounce and three ruches trimming it at the bottom.

The corsage was a tight-fitting, seamless affair, fastening at the left under arm seam. It was cut "V" neck. The braces of cerise taffeta ribbon that came from the girdle and crossed at the back and front followed the edge of the neck to give a finish. They ended in a bow at the back of the girdle, a bow with loops fifteen inches long and ends just coming a trifle below the loops.

This kind of bow, which is exceedingly graceful, I notice on many of the light Summer gowns.

The different shades of heliotrope, that are so popular this season, are very often combined with delicate shades of green and pink, and more often with delicate blues.

One of the prettiest of these pale blue gowns was built of blue gauze over blue taffeta.

The taffeta skirt was close fitting over the hips and flared a great deal at the bottom. Over this the skirt of blue gauze fell rather scant at the front and sides, and very full at the back. It was trimmed with five frills of the gauze. Three at the bottom, which graduated in breadth as they reached the back, were trimmed above with two rows of deep heliotrope velvet ribbon. Above that was another frill of gauze and two bands of velvet, and the top ruffle was headed by a single band of velvet ribbon.

The corsage, which was of blue taffeta, was covered with blue gauze, draped from under arm seam to under arm seam. It opened at the left side and was finished with a cascade of gauze and loops of the velvet ribbon. The corsage was cut straight across from under the arms and was supported by straps of the heliotrope velvet ribbon, mounted by butterfly bows. On the left arm there was another strap of the velvet tied just below the shoulder.

The printed gauzes of this season are exquisitely delicate in color.

One of the prettiest ball gowns I saw during my visit to the shops was made of printed gauze. The ground was pale blue with a design of thistles and leaves in their natural colors.

It was made with a sun-plaited skirt over a blue taffeta transparency. It was trimmed with eight bands of lace insertion.

The bodice was of blue taffeta, tight fitting, with the sun-plaited gauze put on in the form of a blouse. It was cut square-necked, with a berthe of sun-plaited pale heliotrope gauze around the neck and braces of heliotrope taffeta ribbon.

There was a broad sash made of sun-plaited heliotrope gauze that was tied loosely around the waist and knotted at the back with ends reaching nearly to the bottom of the gown.

Another gown made after this model was of pale, silvery green chiffon, with a large plaid in pale pink and ciel blue. It was made over a transparency of pink taffeta. The sash and berthe were of blue sun-plaited chiffon, and the braces were of pink and blue ribbons.

It is estimated that the Paris colony will be increased by several hundred just after the London jubilee is over, and it is also estimated that upward of five hundred ball gowns will leave Paris for London within the next three weeks.

NINA GOODWIN.

HERE IS THE GIRL BACHELORS' CLUB.

THE unalloyed happiness of youth—freedom from husbands who come home finding great difficulty in locating the keyhole; no masculine buttons to sew on refractory shirts—all these and others are the comforts of the young ladies of Edwardsburg, Mich. The paragraphers of recent weeks have been making brief references to the Edwardsburg Bachelor Girls' Association, but few outside of the little Michigan town believe that the association was founded by serious young ladies and on fixed principles, from which they have promised on their honors not to swerve.

However, be this as it may, and despite all the gibes and doubts, the Bachelor Girls' Association is a fact.

Some few months ago four of Edwardsburg's young ladies, bright, witty, well educated and good looking, met in secret session at the home of one of the quartet, and there discussed the situation over cups of chocolate. There were some doubts as to the advisability of so acting, but under a fire of superior logic these were swept away, and the four pledged themselves to remain single till they were twenty-five years of age.

The original four young ladies were Mattie Cobb, Grace Shanfelt, Anna Beaucamp and Marian Graham. Within a very few days there were five recruits, and now the association consists of nine members, with Anna Beauchamp, president; Ethyl Harwood, vice-president; Daisy Cobb, a sister of Mattie, secretary, and Mabel Parsons, treasurer.

Applicants for admission to the club must be of unblemished character, of good disposition and not over twenty-five years of age. It is not the intention of the organizers to have it a bespectacled body of old maids, with pet parrots and tabby cats.

"We believe," says one of the members, "that until a woman is twenty-five years of age she is not a woman in the true sense of the word, in all that it signifies. It is a mistake to believe that either man or woman is fully developed mentally and physically before that year, although there are, of course, now and then exceptions. There are abnormal people as there are abnormal creatures in other life, but until a woman is about twenty-five years of age she not become all that it is possible for her in the development of the brain, and of heart and of body.

"We believe that with the knowledge learned by growing riper in years a girl is better fitted to become a help meet to a man. She will be so much the more capable of being a companion through life for a good man. This companionship between man and woman does not hurt love. Indeed, love thrives the better where it is present.

"And this is all we have organized for. Indeed, we do not hate men."

The Woman Who Nags and

By Winifred Black.

ONCE I saw a man and a woman in a police court. The man said that the woman made life unbearable to him. "Judge," he said, "she turned the hose on me while I was asleep." "Madame," said the Judge, "did you turn the hose on your husband while he was asleep?" The woman elbowed her way to the bar.

She was a big woman, with a red face and a fierce and rolling eye.

"Judge," she said, holding up her red right hand to be sworn; "Judge, I done it."

"Why did you do it?" said the Judge.

"I was drove to it," said the woman.

It turned out that the man would not come to the table until his food was stone cold—and the Judge let the woman go.

Now, the nagging woman, she is a thing of terror, there's no denying that. But may it not be barely possible that she is sometimes "drove to it?"

Men have a calm way of listening to a woman's expostulations and then going right on doing just what she's asking them not to do. If she mentions this fact afterward she is set down a "nagger."

In their dealings with women men have less regard for the law of cause and effect than the most unreasonable woman who ever lived. Women learn to know their husbands and their husband's faults, and they find out how to adjust their lives so that those faults will not loom up like a monument in a barren field. If a man hates onions, his wife usually tries to do without them. A man whose wife is prejudiced against onions and their daily use will spend much valuable time in trying to wean his wife out of her folly—but he will go right on eating the onions.

Men will suffer torment from naggings. They will submit patiently to tongue lashings which would drive a woman to suicide, but they will never even dream of trying to stop doing the thing that has started the particular nagging under which they are suffering.

Some men are like the small boy who runs between the marksman and his mark and then sends up a plaint of agony when he gets shot.

When a man is cross and blue and nervous his wife tries to find out what's the matter with him. When a woman sulks or scolds her husband assumes a look of patient bewilderment and says: "Poor thing, she has an attack of the nerves." And never attempts to discover whether he had anything to do with the "nerves" or not.

The woman who nags ought to be shut up in a large iron box and set down in the deepest part of the deepest ocean. The man who drives her into "naggery" ought to be shut in the box with her.

Once I sat in a train behind a young woman and her baby. The baby was about six months old. It was fat and waxy pale and dull eyed, and it cried every minute that it was awake. The young woman was a pretty thing, with the kindest heart and the most confiding disposition in the world.

"My baby is awful smart," she said to me. "She can almost sit up now, and she's got awful knowing ways. She's real pretty, too, when she's dressed up, but my, she's cross; she's the crossest baby that ever lived, I do believe."

I felt sorry for the pretty young woman. She walked with the baby, she trotted it. She sang to it and she called it pretty names, but it just threw back its head and squeezed up its eyes and said, "Yah, y-a-a-h, yah!" or something enough like it to be very aggravating.

At noon—a hot Summer's noon it was, in a hot, stuffy car—the young mother ate sausages and a large German pickle and drank two cups of strong coffee. She gave the baby a bite of every one of these things.

I was still very sorry for the young mother, but I was also very, very sorry for the young mother's baby.

The woman who nags sometimes makes me think of that baby—that hateful, disagreeable, unbearable baby.

I don't like her.

Nobody likes her.

She's a bore, and a nuisance, and an incentive to battle, murder and sudden death.

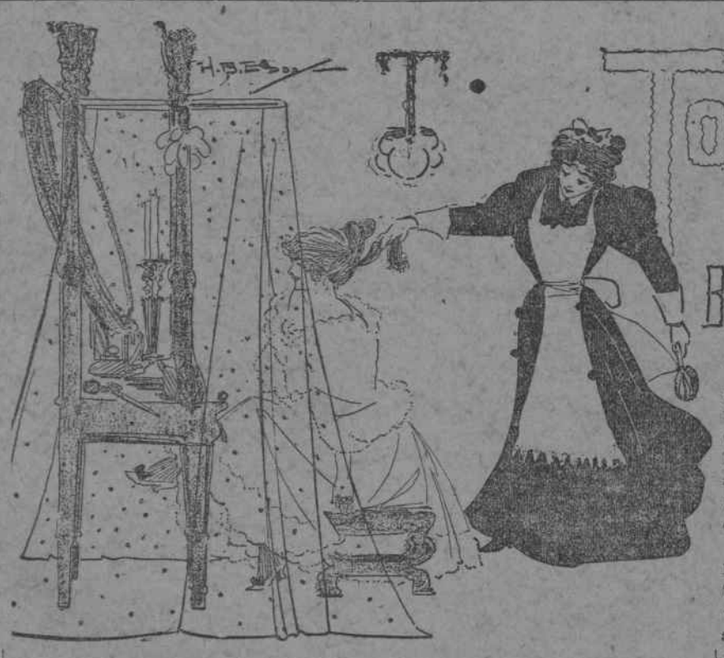
Her nagging doesn't do a bit more good than the baby's "Yah, yah yah," and it sounds, oh, so painfully like it, so much like it, that I am sometimes very, very sorry for the woman who nags.

WINIFRED BLACK.

Mrs. Maitland-King effectively explodes the fallacy that rest is laziness. "Rather," she says, "is rest one of the most vital needs of life. The woman who keeps herself on the strain for long hours together," says another chapter in this little book, "whether in the interests of toil or pleasure, has only herself to thank for delicate health, and a worn, aged appearance. Thousands of women," Mrs. Maitland-King declares, "from a mistaken sense of duty, gradually drift into delicate health, mark their face with wrinkles, and become generally and constantly depressed, when, by the exercise of self-control and common sense, and by timely rest, they might have preserved health and strength. Rest,' says the authoress, "should always be taken when needed."

Why Women Do Not Marry.

SOMEBODY, writing in London Woman, declares that women are becoming more marriageable. The writer declares that they are not so ready to rush into matrimony, certainly, for their lives are no longer stunted and empty, and they are perhaps inclined to subject suitors to a little mental criticism. Moreover, men are, happily, not so eager to marry young. "I think we shall find, as the world goes on," says the writer referred to, "more happy marriages to rejoice our quality of benevolence, for the reasons that I have just stated are deep and powerful incentives to happiness. If only each sex would more fully realize the honor done to it at the altar by the other! The nicest, most chivalrous hearted men sometimes say that half their pleasure in a wife consists in taking care of her, yet one cannot help agreeing with the saying of some writer that 'a woman, in order to give her hand with dignity, must be able to stand alone.' The gift is then complete, open-hearted and generous; a meet return for the honor, grace and reverence which have been freely paid to her."



Toilet Elegancies

By SHIRLEY DARE.

THE first attention paid to us when we enter this world and the last as life departs is a bath. "The unwashed corpse" conveys the last significance of forlorn indignity. Outside these two functions most mortals deal with water as sparingly as possible—that is to say, they wash when they feel it indispensable, drink when they are parched, but are confessedly glad to escape the necessity of either. It is hard to tell whether ordinary children dread most learning a Sunday-school lesson or taking the Saturday afternoon bath exacted of them.

It takes cultivation to appreciate a bath as truly as to enjoy a painting. A country lad will find interest in looking at Verestchagin's war pictures, but their full eloquence is lost on him. Curious that in an age when conveniences for bathing are as common as street lights there is not the most distant need of warning devout souls against too great indulgence in the pleasures of the bath which the Holy Church found necessary in the Middle Ages. Bathing was allowed to the devout as grudgingly as a Prohibitionist would permit alcohol in collapse, and as good many reasons were alleged against the external use of water once as there are against the inward use of ardent spirits to-day.

The bath has a hundred benefits besides laundering our garment of skin. It refreshes by change of temperature, for man is not at his best in air over 75 degrees below zero. Very few people know what the Russ and Finn are well aware of, that a hot bath in Winter will heat and stimulate the body so as to enable it to bear cold better for days. Few understand the necessity of two baths daily for freely perspiring persons in hot weather, to clear the pores and to cool the body, morning and night.

The bath as a means of physical development hardly begins to be understood. A properly fitted bathroom is not second to a gymnasium as a means of physical perfection. People take their baths too much by theory. The rigid disciplinarian bathes in cold water the year round as a corporeal benefit and a protest against weakness of the flesh. The nervous, conscientious woman endures it, hoping to harden and strengthen herself, above all things dreading to make herself tender. The injudicious parent urges her shivering children into the cold tub or the shock of the shower bath, never dreaming of the mischief done. The coldest nations take the hottest baths and are not enfeebled by them. It is blood heated by youth of the fire of full life which likes the cool dip or spray, but beware how you have to nerve yourself to endure it. A cold bath may be a risky experiment.

If you would have vigorous, fair, healthy children, make their baths a diversion, having the room and water kept warm so they can play in it to their hearts' content. Do not hurry them out of it, for water is a stimulus to growth and a tonic to muscles and nerves. Half an hour in a room heated to 80 degrees at the walls, and free from draughts and cracks, with water not allowed to fall below 85 degrees at any time, the children permitted to get in and out of the tub and run about, to spatter and frolic, is as good a system of physical development as you can devise for all under twelve years of age. Warmth is vitality and anodyne to pain. Rather have a robe of Turkish towelling to slip over the nightgown warmed for sleeping. If it leaves one so warm that she can sleep with the window open, so much the better for her complexion and well-being. Fresh air by night and day is a far more wholesome tonic than any amount of cold bathing. To enumerate a tithe of the bathing devices now used will convince one that bathrooms admit of great additions to their usual conveniences. The tile-lined rooms and silver or porcelain tubs of millionaires have nothing to recommend them but their pleasure to the eye, for the silver tub is no better for all purposes of heat than the bright tin ones, and the tile or marble is not half as good. Try either and you will be content to fall back on the well polished tin, which does not chill with its stony touch. The bathroom ought to be light and sunny, with floors and walls painted and impervious to moisture. The carpeted bathroom, often seen in city houses, is a nuisance. There should be some way of heating the room and warming the towels and clean clothes on racks. The bright tub should be long enough to lie down in, and a sitz bath, with a canvas seat to support the body in the water, should be part of the furniture. A shower bath is not necessary, but a hot and cold douche with flexible tubes is indispensable. It does not give the system one great shock like the shower, but concentrates the stimulus of the jet where needed gently or otherwise. In rheumatism, paralysis, withered limb or eczema the play of a douche for five or fifteen minutes is a most effective stimulant. I need only refer to the practice at Richfield Springs for rheumatic ails, which is a hot soak for half an hour followed by a douche for fifteen minutes, with incredible benefit. For women who worry about their undeveloped figure, the warm douche, cooled to tepid, over the bosom, is the safest treatment, and the same is true for small legs and arms, care being taken not to over-douche. Sitting with the feet in hot water while the tepid douche plays five or ten minutes over the loins and abdomen is good treatment for various weaknesses and aches of both sexes, while a hot douche flowing down the length of the spine is sovereign for nerve ailments.